

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proud, reuengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination to giue the shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crawling betweene Earth and Heauen? we are arrant Knaues, be- lieue none of vs. Go thy waies to a Nunry, VVhen's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doost mary, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow- ry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farwell. Or if thou wilt needs mar- ry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry go, and quickly to, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selues another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe.

Exit.

Ophe. O what a noble mind is here othrowne!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholers, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the hony of his Musick voves;
Now see what noble and most souereigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmarcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extrasic. O wo is me
T^e haue seene what I haue scene, see what I see.

Exit.

Enter

Prince of Denmark

Enter King

King. Loue: his affection
Nor what he spake, though
Was not like madnes; there
Ore which his melancholy fi
And I doe doubt, the hatch
Will be some danger; which
I haue in quick determinatio
Thus set downe: he shall wi
For the demand of our negle
Haply the Seas, and Countri
With variable obieets shall
This something seeled matte
Whereon his braines still be
Puts him thus from fashion
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet do I belieue the orig
Sprung from neglected loue
You need not tell vs what L
We heard it all: my Lord; d
But if you hold it fit, after
Let his Queen-mother all al
To show his griefe, let her h
And Ile be plac'd (so please
Of all their conference: if sh
To England send him: or co
Your wisdome best shall th

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must r

Enter Hamlet

Ham. Speake the speech
trippingly on the tongue,
Players do, I had as lue the
not saw the aire too much v
for in the very torrent temp
passion, you must acquire an
smoothenesse, O it offends m